

Gospel Truths were pretty fully presented, it might be said they were closely reasoned with of righteousness, temperance, and the judgement to come. The circumstance of saving the rails from the burning fence, was made to do service in illustrating the mercy of God, through Christ in plucking the wicked—the bad—as “brands from the burning.” The chief was observed to tremble, and to be much agitated, manifesting deep feeling.

At length he arose, and in much brokenness and tears said, “My friends, you have manifested your love to us in coming to my camp—not only in saving the rails from the burning corral, but in giving good talk to me and my people, now I feel that I would like to talk to you”. “White-Wolf we want to hear your talk” said the Agent. “My people will be much surprised” said he “to hear my talk, they never heard such words from my mouth as I shall use now. I do not know what you think of me.

You may think me a woman. You see the springs of my heart all broken up. You all know I been great raider. I not only raid myself when young; I encourage my young men in raiding, after all other Comanche chiefs give up. When Thomisy came to my camp I afraid of him. I know—Kiowa tell me—Thomisy no carry carbine, no carry revolver, yet I afraid. He no afraid, he come to my camp—no gun, no revolver—he know I have gun, knife, bow arrows, revolver, tomahawk, yet he come to my camp and I afraid to go to him. After Thomisy go away I feel very bad. I afraid all the time, I afraid soldiers come—burn camp—kill women, children—I think—why Thomisy no afraid?

I hear word say ‘Thomisy no hurt anything—he no afraid, you carry bow arrows, you afraid.’ I feel very miserable I never feel so before. I think, it all bad to raid. I look, my hands all red, (with fresh blood,) I no wash it off, it still stay, I think everybody see it. It no come off. I hear word say ‘Ask Great Spirit, He take it off’. I ask him. He no take it off while I put more on, He say, ‘You send young men to Texas, they kill men, blood comes on your hands, I no take it off.’ I feel very bad. When youhg men come back I say ‘you raid no more.’

Great Spirit take blood-stain from my hands.

Then I feel better for some time. By and by I feel bad again, I say ‘what matter now?’ I look, my hands all dark. My heart dark like hands, no fresh red blood, all dry, dark blood, shed by myself when young there yet, It no come off. Word say ‘Great Spirit, He take off all the old blood-stain.’ I ask him ‘Make all my bad life as though it not been.’ I know those I kill no live again. They can not be restored, be as though I had never kill them, but somehow, the dark stain come off. I feel better. I feel happy again for long lime. Then after awhile I think about my boy. I want him to travel good road, no travel in road I had traveled. I can not lead him in road I do not know myself. I ask

Great Spirit ‘show me good road for my boy’

Good Word say ‘send him to Agency school and he learn good way.’ I send him. You know he there, Now I feel easy about him. I tell him ‘mind all you say’. Then I leave him there with you. Now to-day you come here—I know you come because you love me and my people, and want us to travel good road, and now I feel that I want to take you in my arms.” Tears all this time flowing down his furrowed checks. “I feel the same way” said the Agent rising up, and suiting the action to the word their Christian fellowship was manifested in a hearty embrace. As did the Agent so did the others. Here was a Christian experience on the part of one who had no outward knowledge of Christ—an exercise of faith by one who knew not what faith is.

“I want you to tell me whether I wise man or fool,” said White Wolf, addressing the Agent early one morning about three weeks after this. “I wake up this morning, Good Word say ‘This Agent’s Medicine-Day, you go make medicine with Agent.’

Now you know whether this Medicine-Day—I do not, you see I come—if Medicine-Day—I stay, make medicine with you, if not I go home.”

“White-Wolf you are a wise man,” said the Agent, clapping him on the shoulder. “This is Medicine-Day.” He accordingly staid, attended the sabbath-school, and meeting at the school-house, securing a good breakfast and dinner, as an extra gratification. White-Wolf continued to travel the good road, became a member of the Grand Council, has visited Washington on business connected with the interest of his people, and has become the owner of large herds of cattle. He continued his boy in the Agency school for several sessions, and then sent him to the renowned Indian school at Carlisle in Pa. where we trust he may learn the good road in which his father was so anxious he should travel.

This story teaches us that God can use even the humblest, who live up to the Saviour’s precepts.

Had the Quaker been armed, he certainly could not have done better; and the Holy Spirit would not have had such a chance to move the savage heart to give up his life of violence.

Can we conceive of an armed Christian accomplishing simply by his presence, so good a work.

Why is it that so few professed followers of Jesus have power?

Why does our salt lack, and fail in seasoning?

We believe the answer may be found.

Let there be an obedience to all the peaceable precepts of Jesus as taught by him in the Sermon on the Mount: then the Master can use us.

“When a man’s ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him”

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth. He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder. He brencheth the chariot with fire.